

The Historie

breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come & be hangd,
hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gadshill. Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the
stable.

1 Car. Nay by God soft, I know a tricke worth two of that
I faith.

Gad. I pray thee lend me thine.

2 Car. I, when, canst tell: lend me thy lanterne (quothe he)
marry ile see thee hangd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to
London?

2 Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a candle, I warrant
thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen,
they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. Exeunt.

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth picke-purse.

Gad. That's euē as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine:
for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing
direction, doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow master Gadshill, it holds currant that
I told you yester night, ther's a Franckelin in the wild of Kent,
hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard
him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of
Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes
what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they
will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, ile
giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hang-
man, for I know thou worhippest Saint Nicholas, as truly as a
man of falshood may.

Ga. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, ile
make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs
with me, & thou knowest he is no starueling: tut, there are other
Troians

of Henry the fourth.

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are
content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters
should be lookt into, for their owne credit sake make all whole.
I am ioyned with no footland rakers, no long-staffe sixpennie
strikers, none of these mad mustachio purplehewd maltworms,
but with nobilitie, and tranquillitie, Burgomasters and great
Oneyers, such as can hold in such as wil strike sooner then speak,
and speak sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and
yet (zoundes) I lie, for they pray continually to their Saint the
Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for
they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their booties.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their booties? will she
hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as
in a Castle cocksure: we haue the receite of Fernesede, wee
walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to
the night then to Fernesede, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our pur-
chase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to al men: bid the Ostler
bring my gelding out of the stable, farewell, ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto, &c.

Poin. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remou'd Falstaf's horse,
and he frets like a gum'd Veluct.

Prince. Stand close. Enter Falstaf.

Fals. Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd Poynes.

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascal, what a brawling doest
thou keepe?

Fals. What Poynes, Hal?

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

Fals. I am accur'd to rob in that theeues companie, the rascal
hath remoued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I
trauell but foure foote by the squire further afoote, I shal breake
my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all
this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworne
his company houely any time this xxii. yeare, and yet I am be-
witcht